

camp and the ice. We were in shadow, but rosy light, striking through the mist-bands clinging to the cliffs of Mount Solitaire, diffused across the upper snows and came down to meet us as we walked along.

Dawn, on a glacier, often comes silently. Streams have almost vanished, and resume their turbulent rushing only when sunlight again falls on their sources. The crags and buttresses, from which trail long winding moraines, seem close at hand. But distance, on snow and ice, is deceptive. The moraines are here flat and compact, yet not so royal a road as the level ice. We advanced four miles without difficulty, jumping over smaller crevasses and deviating for larger ones.

Not many hours passed before we reached an elevation at which snow covered much of the ice, concealing the crevasses and making the use of the rope a necessary safeguard. We were soon in a labyrinth of crevasses, which we threaded, cutting steps, or crossing by firm snow-bridges from which hung shining icicles that dripped water into blue depths and darkness. No sounds save the bell-like tinkle of water dripping against the ice, and the faint whisper of an early morning breeze sweeping up the slopes—a near-silence broken by Edward, admonishing us to walk like cats and by no means to jump on the snow-bridges. There were places where we balanced like acrobats, on the crests—Edward dubbed them “garden-walls”—between two crevasses. Huge things those crevasses were: some nearly a hundred feet wide, quite equal to that in depth; and, curiously enough, snowed up flatly and solidly at the bottom. One could have roped in and walked around for some distance.



Photo Interprovincial Boundary Commission

THE FRESHFIELD GROUP, LOOKING S. W. FROM MT. BERGNE  
(Showing routes traversed in 1922)